

NO. 6.

The Exchange Flend

He is to the exchange editor just about what the spring poet is to the managing editor or the man with a denial is to the city editor—nothing short of a holy terror.

when he does come. He is liable to appear as a perfect gentleman, and the editors in the room will all smile at once and see which one can make the most favorable impression, thinking he might be a theatrical manager with his pockets full of passes, or press agent of a circus, when to their utter disgust of the poor devils present he will show himself in his true colors by opening his remarks with:—
“Do you exchange with The Jimtown Chronicle?”
The exchange editor tumbles to the racket, and pitches into his words with unusual vim, but the other fellows punch him and call his attention to the request of the stranger. Then he looks up and says:
“What can I do for you?”
“Do you exchange with The Jimtown Chronicle?”

town Crowder?"

"Yes. You will find it in that pile. Help yourself."

"Thank you. I used to reside in Jintown. Haven't heard from there since I left some three months ago."

Quiet has been restored. The political editor has his mind once more at

near editor has his mind once more set on a big leader, and the dramatic critic proceeds to ventilate his opinions on paper, when the exchange

"Why, here's The Albany Bladder! I haven't seen it for years. Used to live there, and was a regular subscriber. Wonder if Jim Scott is the editor yet?"

"Don't know," snaps the e. e.

"Take it along."

"Thank you ever so much. Scott was a red-hot writer. Got licked a number or times for things he wrote."

He could write better than most of them, but wasn't worth hell-room in a fight. Well, bless me, if here ain't The Jackson Bogle! Thought it had gone up the flue long ago. It's ten years since I saw a copy of it. Bill Pallthorough edited it then. Why, he's editor yet. See here."

"All right; take it along."

"Don't you need it?"

"No; I don't want it."

"Thank you. I'm ever so much obliged to you. It does one so much good to come across these old friends. You never met Bill Pallthorough?"

"Not as I know of."

"Well, you ought to know him, as he is certainly a character—a regular geyser. Always hard up and borrowing from everybody. Struck me for a dollar once. Well, blame me, if here ain't The Rosewood Roaster. Do you exchange with it.
"I am sorry to say we do."

"It used to be a great paper when Joe Sikes edited it. But after he sold it it kind of ran down. Sikes was as good on the fight as he was at writing. He came near killing a man once who called on him for a retraction. Once he was going to kill me.

"Don't know. Take it along."
 "Oh, thank you ever so much. But you haven't read it yet, have you?"
 "Never mind. Take any you want; they are no use to me. Glad to get rid of them."

"Thank you. I will appreciate them so much, and so will my wife, and my daughter will just go wild over them. She cuts out the poetry and pastes it in a scrap-book. She's got two filled already, and the third pretty near. She can write poetry, too, and some

Then, after selecting some twenty or thirty of the leading exchanges, he bows out with:

"Well, good day. I'm ever so much obliged to you for these. If you don't mind I'll come up again and get The Bugler and The Rooster. You

"You can just lay them aside for me when you are through with them, and I'll be ever so much obliged to you. Maybe, if I think of it, I'll bring along some of my daughter's poetry and get your opinion of it; you may want to print some of it. Good day."

Then the political editor drops back into his chair and says: "H—ll!" The dramatic man sticks the point of his pen in his leg to see if he is still alive, while the exchange editor clips out a two-column article on "A Sure Cure for Cranks" and rehead-lines it

In the Atlantic Monthly George Frederick Parsons says truly: "The horrors to which drink exposes women are worse than those of slavery."

the sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and constant than most men are probably capable of experiencing. We all know this, yet we go on calmly in the old way, as if we thought women ought to be thus abused, or believed that, though the matter was trifling.

o help could be had for it."